Yin and Yang by BlueEyedVirgo

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2018-05-29 14:07:28
Updated: 2018-05-29 14:07:28
Packaged: 2019-12-16 23:20:06
Rating: M
Chapters: 4
Words: 7,496
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: She basks in his light, he hides in her darkness. *also on AO3 and on Wattpad

1. Highway 140

Two people walk down highway 140 in rural north Georgia. A girl, seventeen, with dark hair and light eyes and a boy, fifteen, brown hair and light eyes. The girl is in a short black dress and heels while the boy wears jeans and a long sleeved shirt. Both of them covered in bruises and scars.

"We've been walking forever," the boy whines. "I'm cold."

"So am I, Dipshit." The girl says. The air is white around her mouth. No cigarette could make that much commotion in the air. "It'll be a bit before we make it to the nearest gas station."

The boy grunts and they continue walking. They walk and walk until they come to a stop sign that keeps them from a side road.

"Do you see that," the boy asks.

The girl follows his gaze. A black ford escort sitting abandoned on the left shoulder. The two look at each other. The boy looks away first and runs to the car. The girl runs after him.

"Move," the girl says picking up a rock and throwing it at the window. The window cracks and the girl picks up the rock and bangs it against the glass until it shatters and she's able to reach a hand in and unlock the car. "Get in," she says sitting down and leaning over to unlock the other door.

When the boy gets in, the girl leans down and opens up a small compartment under the steering wheel. She grabs the wires and does a magic trick making the car come to life. She remembers how her mother used to do this every Friday night when their dad fell asleep.

"Can you teach me that," the boy asks. "Collette never showed me."

"One day," the girl says. She puts the car in drive and pulls onto the main road.

They pull up to a gas station and get out.

"Start pumping," the girl says, "I'll be right back. Be ready to get back in."

She walks into the store and sees the man behind the counter. He's a middle aged man with barely any hair left. She looks at him and the store fills with the noise of her clicking heels. They scream as she walks on them. Her pupils are small in the lighting.

"I'm going to need a pack of Winstons." She says leaning on the counter. She looks at the man and he smiles. When he reaches up the girl goes right for the punch to his neck. He drops his arms and lets out a choked gasp. The girl takes the opportunity to sock him in the nose making him stumble back and hit his head. He falls unconscious.

The girl walks around the counter and looks at the register. She'll have few minutes before he wakes up. She grabs all the money she can hold and she runs out of the store. She runs to the car and looks at the boy. He looks at her and jumps in the car.

They drive and drive until they find a motel. They check in and head to the room. A room with one bed. The woman looked at them funny when they walked in. The smirk on her face made Lorelei want to punch her and take the room, but she needed to be careful.

"Lorelei," the boy says when they enter the room. His nose wrinkles at the smell of the room. "What's that smell?"

"Sex," Lorelei says. She cringes at the smell. *Lorelei! Come on baby make me feel good.*

"Lorelei you okay?"

Oh Lorelei! Lorelei!

"Lorelei!"

Lore...lei.

"I'm fine Nathan. It's okay." She says after a minute of silence. They look at each other. How could two women have similar looking children even though they share no resemblance to the sperm giver.

"I'm going to take a shower," Lorelei says. "I'll be back in a minute."

Nathan doesn't say anything but he nods. Lorelei walks into the bathroom and locks the door. She breathes in and out. The smell of bleach and lavender. This is her safe place.

It's been an hour since Lorelei went into the bathroom. Nathan sits on the floor and watches the door. He knows he's not allowed to go in the bathroom when she's taking a shower or a bath. Lorelei would beat the shit out of him if he walked in.

"You never walk in while a girl takes a bath. You never go in if they use the bathroom. You never go near the bathroom when a girl is in there. Respect her space. This is the one place a girl doesn't want to be bothered. Do I make myself clear?" Lorelei stands over him. Her eyes were a dark gray when she stood over him that day. A towel around her still wet body. She just got home from work. The smaller boy looked at her and nodded. "I understand." His cheek burning from the hit he had taken. "I understand."

Lorelei walks out of the bathroom. Her dress gone. All that's on is her underwear and bra. *Nick would look hot in those panties. Those white, see-through panties.*

"What have we talked about?" Lorelei says going over to the bed. Nathan blushes. He knows what she's talking about. She's always given him the lecture on staring.

"That it's bad," Nathan says looking at his lap. He notices that his little friend stiffened a little. Stupid hormones.

"Go take a bath," she says. "I'm goin' to bed. Take care of that by the way you don't want your balls to explode before that boy of yours sees them." With that she gets under the covers and rolls over.

Nathanwalks to the bathroom and shuts the door. He locks it behind him and walks to the shower. He looks at his reflection. Skinny and lanky. He had beautifully shaped cheekbones and full lips. Puberty is doing its job. Acne isn't his biggest problem, it was the constant up and down of his penis.

The boy looks at his jeans in the mirror. Yeah, it's there. He sighs hoping that if he gets in the shower that it'll go down on its own.

Steve looks at the six teenagers. He can't believe he was babysitting on a Friday night, but he needs money. College applications were a bitch to fill out and knowing that he got accepted by his random first choice of colleges he got in. His scholarship pays most of it, but he needs a little more money if he's going to buy books or food.

"Steve," Max says walking over to him. "Can I use your phone to call home? I need to make sure Billy didn't fall asleep or whatever."

"Max I can drive you home you know," Steve says. This was the fifth time he babysat all of them and Max needed to call home to make sure her stepbrother was actually going to get her.

"Thanks Steve, but I'm just going to call him." Max says. She's never let anyone bring her home.

"Go ahead. You know where it is." Steve says. He watches her walk to the kitchen to call. Steve turns his attention back to the other kids. Eleven sat a few feet behind the boys as they played Dungeons and Dragons. She liked to observe more than she liked to play the game. He watches how focused they look. Dustin and Lucas pass off a few curse words once in a while. Will looks at them and blushes. The poor kid couldn't say a curse word if he tried. He couldn't even say 'ass' without feeling guilty.

Steve starts to zone out when there's a few knocks on the door. He looks at the clock. *Nine*. Jonathan or Nancy or both probably. When he gets the door open he sees Billy.

The blonde looks at him. He shifts and looks at the ground. "Max," he says.

"Max! Billy's here!" Steve calls.

Max comes from the kitchen and looks at him. She notices a part of his face that's tanner than the rest of his face. It's been like this for the last three months now.

"Come on," Billy says. He refuses to look at Steve or at the other

teenagers that start to come near the door. Billy shifts a little when Lucas appears. Billy would never admit it, but he's ashamed of what he did. He didn't mean for that to happen. But the idea of a boy in Max's life infuriated him. He knows what boys want. He knows what desires a guy has. Max is still innocent. She doesn't need someone to come in, do what they want with her, and leave her behind. "Please," Billy says looking at her.

Everyone freezes for a second. "Bye guys," Max says walking out of the house. Billy follows her and they head to the car.

"Since when does Billy say 'please'," Mike says.

"Since Max almost took his dick off with the bat," Lucas says.

Ever since that night, Billy has been trying to be more respective. But to the others and Max, the bat was what caused this change. But it wasn't the bat that made him this way. It was the talk he had with his dad after Susan drove Max to the snow ball.

They all shrug and go back to their game.

Max looks at Billy as he drives. "You know it's rude to stare," Billy says looking at the road.

"Why're you wearing makeup," Max says.

"I'm not," Billy says. He is but hell if he's going to tell Max that.

Max doesn't say another word and they continue to drive in silence.

The next morning Lorelei and Nathan get up. Lorelei put on her dress and Nathan put on his jeans and shirt.

"I'm thinking we head northwest. It's what ten already," Lorelei says looking over her shoulder to double check the time. "Maybe we can make it to Iowa before tonight."

"Why Iowa," Nathan asks. "What's in Iowa?"

"Why not" Lorelei looks at the bed they shared. She never thought of having her little brother laying in horrid, mystery stained sheets ever.

"Just trust me."

2. Unholy Acts

Her room is pink and filled with teddy bears. Billy never pegged such a flirt for having such a childish room. He looks at the teddy bear on the ground. That poor thing experienced such an unholy act.

He focuses on the makeup that's smeared on her luminous pale skin. He sighs. What's her name? Becca? Jennie? Fran?All he called her was 'Babe'. He buckles his jeans back up and walks to the door.

He leaves her room and walks out to his car. He sits there a minute before he starts his car and heads home.

As he drives he can't help but think to himself how he'll be heading to college in the fall. He graduated with A's in gym and shop, B's in reading and social studies, and C's in math and science. He's never been the best in math or science but his dad made him give a shit about keeping those grades up. He needed to get away from Neil.

It's another twenty minutes before he reaches the quarry. He knows it's too late to go home so he pulls into the open area and turns off his car. Billy puts his head down on the steering wheel and groans. Looking back up he takes off his jacket and shirt. Might as well get comfortable. He lets his seat back and takes off his belt.

He looks at the silver necklace he put on his mirror before he went in the girl's house. The moon reflects on it slightly. "Goodnight mama," Billy whispers. He misses the sound of her voice. The way she used to be so calm and the gentle way she said his name.

Lorelei looks at the dark sky over head. Nathan's driving. They've been taking turns on driving the car. When they passed the sign that read **Welcome to Hawkins** Lorelei switched places with Nathan to let him drive.

"Lore," Nathan says feeling the car jerk. "Something's wrong."

Lorelei looks at him and that's when the car dies. "Shit," Lorelei says sitting up. "Come on. Get out. We gotta push it to the side."

Nathan takes off his seatbelt and gets out after Lorelei. He looks at her as they walk to the back and start pushing the car. It takes a minute but they get the car safely to the side of the road.

"Strip the car. I'll take care of fingerprints. Just get the clothes and money," Lorelei says grabbing a towel, that was in the car when they found it, to start wiping it down.

Nathan grabs the bags from the back. They'd stopped by the Salvation Army when they left Georgia. They grabbed a few articles of clothing, two satchels, and a small fringe purse to keep the money in. Nathan moves away from the car so Lorelei can finish wiping down the car.

"You ready," Lorelei asks as she closes the car door with the rag. Nathan only nods and hands her the purse and the bag with her clothes in it. They start walking again.

Twenty minutes into walking and the sound of a car speeding through the night catches their attention. Lorelei grabs Nathan's arm and pulls him to the shoulder of the road. She sticks her thumb out and notices the car slow down. The headlights shine bright in their eyes. Lorelei's pupils are gone and her eyes are deeper than the ocean. Nathan looks away from the light.

When Lorelei can focus on the car she notices the fact that it's a '70 chevelle ss. The car stops next to the two. A middle aged man with salt and peppered hair looks at them. Well, he focuses on Lorelei in her dress.

"You two okay," the man asks. "I'm no expert but I think you two shouldn't be out this late in the middle of nowhere."

Lorelei puts on a smile, "Our car broke down. We're just heading back from visiting our grandma."

"Do you need a ride," the man says, "I'm heading out but I can turn around."

"If you wouldn't mind," Lorelei says. "Our mom wants us back before twelve though."

Nathan cringes slowly. He can feel his left arm turn cold.

"Leave him alone Kevin! Leave him alone!" The woman yells at the man.

"No son of mine is going to be a queer!" The man's face is red and he pushes the small boy to the ground. Nathan looks in his eyes. "No faeries in this house," his father says as he stomps down on his son's left arm. The woman rushes over to her son and is immediately slung across through room. She's out cold.

Nathan looks up at Lorelei. Nathan is actually taller than her, but with her heels on she's taller. She's staring down at him.

"Get in. I'll have you home by then," the man says reaching over to open the front door. Lorelei nods and grabs Nathan's arm so she can pull him into the car.

When they're settled and the car starts to roll Lorelei bends over to grasp her heel. The man is talking to Nathan, but Lorelei doesn't listen. She takes off her heel and hits him in his adams apple. The man swerves and grabs his neck. Lorelei then elbows him in his jaw and socks him in the nose.

The man doesn't know how to respond as Lorelei punches him one last knocking him out. Lorelei pushes him out of the car and takes control of the car. She turns the car around and speeds back the way the car was leaving.

Billy wakes up to the sunlight in his eyes. He looks at his watch. Nine o' four. He sighs and looks at himself. His back and neck are stiff.

"Shit," he says and opens the car door. His little friend is stiff, not hard, and he has to piss. "Come on," he says as he pulls his friend out of his pants. He releases his bladder and feels himself stiffen a little more at the cold morning air.

He positions himself back into his jeans when he's done. He zips them up and gets back in his car. He looks at his watch again. Only two minute pass. He might as well go and pick up Max. She's going over to someone's house again. Hopefully not to the house where he was drugged and left. Oh boy was he pissed to walk home that night and then get the shit beat out of him again almost.

Max doesn't know about that. Neil always gets him when Max isn't there or around. Susan knows what Neil does. She's always knew. When the affair started she knew, when the divorce went through, when she introduced her own daughter. She knew exactly what could happen. Except Neil always wanted a daughter.

Billy was supposed to be a girl. Louise after Neil's mother. When Billy came out, they named him after Sarah's father.

Billy looks at his reflection and notices the makeup he was wearing last night rubbed off. The yellow bruise on his jaw visible. Saying a few curse words under his breath he starts the car and drives home.

Lorelei wakes up to the sunlight peaking through the window. Nathan and she drove until they met an opening to a clearing. They parked the car and locked all the doors. Lorelei jumped in the back with Nathan. The boy laid on top of her listening to her heartbeat while she ran her fingers through his hair. Ever since he was a baby she would do this. It was the only thing that got him to sleep and God knows Helen, his mother, was going to do this. She was too strung out half the time.

Lorelei was his mother. She changed him, fed him, and bathed him. She's still his mother. When he started school he used to call Lorelei 'mama'. Teachers didn't pay much attention to it. They thought it was a joke. Lorelei had to teach him to say her name though. Lorelei couldn't stand to be called it.

Lorelei feels Nathan jerk awake. His eyes meeting hers. They don't speak. He gets off of her and Lorelei sits up. They sit in silence until they're fully awake.

Billy pulls up to the house and notices both Neil's and Susan's cars are gone. He turns off his car and gets out. He enters the house and notices Max is in the kitchen. She's eating a bowl of cereal.

"Where's Susan and Neil?" Billy asks.

"Work or breakfast I don't know. They left early." Max says looking at a comic book. She's been looking through them lately trying to understand half the nerdy shit those boys say.

Billy nods. "Am I still taking you to one of your friend's?"

"Yeah, whenever."

Billy looks at the clock on the wall. It's only ten. "I'm gonna take a shower. Don't, don't break or burn anything." Billy mentally slaps himself. How the hell do you talk to children? The seventeen year old walks to the bathroom and locks himself in.

It takes Billy half an hour to shower. He gets out and walks to his room. He closes his door and walks to his mirror. He notices the light dark circles under his eyes from the mascara. The light bruises on his jaw line are still fading. *Still gotta keep an image, Hargrove.* Billy begins his daily primp.

After teasing, applying a little makeup to cover up the bruises, and adding in his cologne, he walks to his closet and pulls out an old black T-shirt and some old jeans. He quickly dresses himself and slips on his boots and jacket.

He leaves his room and walks into the living room to see Max sitting there on the sofa. Some game show on the tv.

"You ready," Billy asks.

"Yeah," Max says. He watches her walk out of the door first before he follows. They get in the Camaro.

"Where," Billy asks.

"Dustin's."

Billy nods and starts the car. The car ride is quiet. It's not uncomfortable but it wouldn't be bad if they talk.

They never really talk and if they do talk it's a small argument. Back in California they would exchange a few words. That's when he was just a dick and not angry. He would ride the bus with her until he was able to drive. When he was able to drive they sat in silence or he'd ask how her day was and leave it at that. Then they moved here. It was *all* her fault Billy convinced himself. If it wasn't for her stupid dad wanting custody or her mom wanting to get close to Billy it

wouldn't have happened. But Billy didn't have to do what he did. Taking his anger out on that guy or the police officer. His dad was to blame for that anger. Why couldn't Billy have been born with only his mother's traits? Why couldn't Neil accept that his soldier of a son was actually afraid of so many things?

It was Neil's fault. It was **his** fault Billy couldn't be happy. **His** fault that Billy had problems with commitment. **His** fault that Billy can't feel accepted. **His** fault that Billy didn't have a mom...

"Baby Boy," the pale woman said keeping her eyes on the tv. Billy sat next to her. He was only fourteen. He looked at the phone next to him. Neil had called to tell him that he'd be there soon.

"I love you," she said. Billy kept his eyes on the tv. He refrained from saying 'If you love me then why do you stick a needle in your arm when I say stop.'

He looked at the family on tv. They were smiling. If only his family was okay like that. Then there's a gasp. Billy looked over at his mom. She was still and porcelain pale. Billy reached over and grabbed the phone. He dialed the three digit number and waited for an answer.

"9-1-1 what is your emergency," the lady says.

"My mom's not moving," he said calmly. "I think she overdosed on something." Not just something. Heroin. Billy knew what it was. "I think she overdid her sleeping pills."

"Can you tell me where you are?"

Billy gave her the address and hung up. He looked at his mom. So small and pale. He got off the couch and picked her up. Neil had been making him train for wrestling. He told Billy that volleyball wouldn't get him any further.

He took her to her room and put her on the bed. He grabbed the needle from her bedside. She used all of the contents in the container, but he picked it up and put it in his pocket. He looked at her arm and takes off the band around her arm.

To finish the job he took out the sleeping pills in her nightstand and put a

few on the ground. With the rest of them he stuffed them in his pocket and dropped the container on the ground.

"I love you too mama," he said walking out of the room and to his room to get ready for his dad to arrive.

"Can I ask you a question," Max asks breaking the silence. Billy jumps a little due to her sudden desire to talk. He stiffens back up as he regains control of himself.

"What," he says looking at the road.

"Don't be an ass when I ask this," she says hesitating. She fidgets a little with her hands. "How do you know if you're...if you actually really really like someone?"

Billy looks at her this time. He sees that she isn't going to look at him. He turns his attention back to the road. *How do I answer that?* Billy asks himself. He can't. "Uh," he says trying to come up with something. "I guess when you realize that you can't be without them. You need to see them or you're crushed for the rest of the day. You need to know how they are. It's like you can't live without them."

"Like you and Tyler," Max says. Billy stiffens. He tries to remain relaxed. His anger slowly rising at the name. The image of Tyler's pale, small body lying next to him enters his mind. He did love her. He loved her blue eyes and dark brown hair that curled up at the ends.

"Tyler," Billy says swallowing, "was just a friend." It was true. He couldn't be with her anyways. They couldn't be physical, but he didn't care about that. He wanted to be with her. She was the one who didn't want to date him. She didn't like blondes she would say. "But," Billy says. *I love you, William James. I love you too, Tyler Anne.* "Yes. It's like that."

The girl nods and the rest of the car ride is silent.

3. Registers I Know

"You know," the man behind the counter says looking at Lorelei. His name tag says Rich on it. Lorelei has pegged him for a nice man with blue eyes and graying hair. "You've been coming in here every other day for the past two weeks. Either you got a crush on one of my mechanics or you don't know that there's a supermarket down the road. What's the deal?"

Lorelei smiles. "Well," she starts, "you're a lot cheaper than that market. I mean I wish you sold bananas here, you sell cookies and all that, so why not bananas?"

The older man laughs at her. "You limited on cash," he asks seriously.

"Yeah, just moved here. Kinda don't have enough or any of that." Lorelei admits.

"You got a house," the man asks. Lorelei stops a second.

"Yes," she lies. Might as well he can't tell. She tries to change up the same outfits every time she goes in. Wrinkled and smelling like cheap deodorant and sweat though.

The man looks at her. He's seen the dark circles under her eyes and the way she's too skinny. No doubt she hasn't eaten for a while. He would report this to Chief Hopper, but he knows that he'd loose all trust with her once that happens. The poor girl is probably almost legal and taking care of a younger sibling.

Rich has seen the boy. He looks just like her, except paler and skinnier. He can see the way that her eyes darken when she talks about her brother.

"Do you know anything about using a register or fixing cars," Rich speaks up.

"Now tighten it." Kevin said. His eyes were dark as he took a sip from his beer. Lorelei tightened the bolt and turned back to her father. Lorelei sat on her knees and looked at her father. His arthritis was acting up and he

needed his tire changed.

"Pretty damn good," Kevin said. "For a girl anyway. Now go and fix me something to eat. Kelly doesn't know how to fix shit." Kelly daddy's new whore. He picked her up at a mall or something. Lorelei nodded and got off the ground. As she walked into the house she picked Nathan up and put him on her hip. He was only four and she was about seven almost eight.

"Mama," Nathan said.

"Lorelei," Lorelei said correcting him. "Lorelei."

"Both. I mostly only know how to change a tire and oil. Registers I know. I used to work at a store back home." Lorelei says.

"You start tomorrow then," Rich says. "Be here at nine."

Lorelei looks at him, "You're joking."

"I'm serious."
"Don't take pity on me."
"I'm not, you're a young girl who needs a job. And if I don't give you one you might end up walking the streets tonight."

Lorelei pales. There's no way he knows that. He can't know about that. There's no way.

"Tomorrow at nine?"
"Yes ma'am. Wear something comfortable. You'll be standing for a while."

Lorelei nods and starts to leave, but, "What's your name by the way?" The man asks.

"Jenny," Lorelei says. "My name is Jenny."

Lorelei pulls up to the park. Nathan sits on a bench. Lorelei dropped him off earlier. She knew he hated sitting in the car so she let him go to the park. Little kids ran around and screamed.

"How do you find this peaceful," Lorelei says sitting next to him.

"Listening to all this."

"How do you find Alice Cooper relaxing," he says. She looks at him. "Where were you?"

"I got a job." Nathan stiffens on the bench. The word *job* was something different to Lorelei. Nathan knew what she did. Lorelei notices and speaks up, "Not that kind. I got a real one at the gas station." She feels Nathan relax next to her.

"I start tomorrow," she continues. "Is there anywhere you want to go while I'm at work?"

"There's an arcade. I wanna go there."

Lorelei forgot how much he loves the arcade. He looks at the ground and smiles.

"What," Lorelei asks.

Nathan looks at her. "I haven't been to an arcade in awhile."

"I know," Lorelei says. "I know."

The next day Lorelei takes Nathan to the arcade and speeds off to work. It's better to be twenty minutes early than right on the dot. Nathan sits outside until they open. He's been there for an hour and then he sees a few kids on bikes and a girl on a skateboard show up. They all stop and look at Nathan.

"It's not open yet," a kid in a baseball cap lisps. He has curls and green eyes.

Nathan looks at him directly.

"Hey, are you deaf," the same kid says.

"No," Nathan says looking up. "They're not open yet."

He looks at the ground.

"Sorry," the kid with the lisp says.

"It's okay. I didn't know you were speaking to me."

"What's your name," another voice says. Nathan looks up and sees a kid with dark brow hair and brown eyes.

"If anyone asks you," Lorelei said looking at Nathan. "You're name is John and my name is Jenny and we're from South Carolina. Okay?"

"Okay."

"John," Nathan says. "What's yours?"

"Mike," the kid says. "And the one in the hat is Dustin." Mike says pointing to the kid with the lisp. "Lucas," Mike says pointing to a black kid. "And that's Max," he points to the girl on the skateboard.

"Cool." It falls silent before a car pulls up. A boy with brown hair and hazel eyes jumps out with a girl with brown eyes and brown hair. The car then takes off.

Nathan makes eye contact with the boy. Nathan's heart stops for a second. The boy looks a lot like Nick.

"El," Mike says turning towards the girl.

"Will," Dustin says looking at the new boy. Will not Nick. Will.

The party plays for about six hours and don't talk to Nathan again. In fact once the arcade opened they didn't see Nathan anymore.

Max had to call Billy to get her. He told her to wait outside and he'd be there in about twenty minutes. She walks outside and sees Nathan sitting on the curb. He's playing with a rock.

"Hey," Max says sitting down next to him. "What're you doing?"

Nathan jumps and looks at her. Her pretty blue eyes stare into his. He can't deny that she's a pretty girl, he just can't say he's into it. "Sitting here," he says.

"Why?"
"Ran out of money."

"Oh."
"Yeah. Why're you out here?"
"Waiting on my step-brother."

Nathan nods. "Same, except for my older sister."

"Did you just move here?" Max asks. "I've never seen you around is what I mean."

"Yeah," Nathan says. "South Carolina. We moved here a couple weeks ago."

Max nods it falls silent. Then the engine of the Camaro enters Max's ears along with another engine. Nathan looks up and sees the Chevelle. The two stand up as the cars pull to a stop.

"That's my ride," the two teenagers say in unison. They look at each other and then walk off to their designated vehicles.

Once Max gets in the Camaro Billy looks at her. "Who's the boy?"

Nathan gets in the Chevelle and Lorelei speaks up, "Who's the girl?"

"His name is John." Max says.
"Her name's Max," Nathan says.

"How'd you meet him," Billy asks.
"Why was she talking to you?" Lorelei asks.

"He was waiting on the place to open when we got here," Max says.
"I met her early this morning when I was waiting," Nathan responds.

"What's his name," Billy asks.
"What name did you tell her?" Lorelei asks.

"I told you John. Why do you care?" Max asks looking at him.
"John. Like you told me to say." Nathan says.

"I don't," Billy says and then puts the car in drive.
"Good," Lorelei says putting the car in drive.

The two cars pull out with the Chevelle leading and turning right.

The Camaro turns left.

4. Slow Day

Lorelei stands behind the counter in her shorts and work shirt. It's a slow day, but she can't complain about the job.

She hears the door open and looks up. A red headed girl walks in with a black boy. The girl looks at Lorelei and then out the window.

"How may I help you two?" Lorelei asks. She stands straight up now. She's seen this girl before. Where though?

"Uh, the tire in the car blew out. We need to get it changed," the girl says.

"Alright," Lorelei says walking around the counter. "Where's the car?"

The girl points out the window and Lorelei sees a brown Beamer. An older boy and two boys about the same age, one with dark hair and another in a baseball cap, as the two in the store stand next to the guy. Lorelei walks out of the store and over to the Beamer.

"Whoa," baseball cap kid says looking at Lorelei. Her shorts are shorter than anything a boy in Hawkins has ever seen.

Lorelei ignores him and looks at the older guy. "Sir," Lorelei says. "Which tire is it?"

The guy turns around. He's brunette and brown eyed. He's defiantly a little older than Lorelei. Maybe a year or two. When they make eye contact the poor guy starts blushing.

"Uh," the guy stutters out, "the other side on the front. Are-are you going to ch-change it?"

Lorelei laughs a little to herself. Simple minded swine. "Yes, Sir. You got a spare?"

The guy looks at her and nods. He goes to the trunk and pops it open.

Billy lies on his bed. He's been home for about twenty minutes. He was going to go in for work, but his boss told him not to sweat it.

Billy's been working as a janitor for the morgue. The idea of being there would freak some people out, but in reality it's calming to Billy. Anywhere is calming to Billy when Neil, or anyone from home, isn't around.

Billy looks at the girl on his wall. He remembers getting that poster from Tyler.

"Something to get you off with," Tyler said laughing. It was his sixteenth birthday. "She's hot too so you can have plenty of fun with it."

"I hate you," he says looking at the poster and then at Tyler.

Her small frame and broken lips haunt him still. It's only been a few months, but the funeral still lingers. He had to deal with the funeral. Her mother never showed up.

"I have to work," the woman said. Her body was getting bigger by the day and her eyes were bigger than usual. Crack? No. Pot? Maybe. Heroin. Yep.

"Work my ass," Billy yelled at her. "Your daughter is dead, the funeral is today. You can miss one freaking day."

"I ca..."
"Yes you can! She would want you there. She would want you to show up and say something. Your sex life can wait."
"You're one to speak."

Billy looked at her, "At least I didn't let a man come in and rape my only child."

She shut up.

Billy looks at the girl for another moment before he gets up. He's going out to the quarry later. He's been going there since the funeral. It's quiet and nobody goes there. Sighing, Billy sits up and grabs his keys.

He leaves his room and walks to the front door. Susan and Neil are in their room. He can hear the moaning and squeaking of the bed.

"Sarah!" He hears his dad yell.

Billy feels anger rise inside him as he walks out of the house and gets in his car.

"Susan. Her name is Susan. Nothing like Sarah. Never compare your bitch to my mother!" Billy yells as he punches his thighs. They'll turn a little pink, but he's never been able to bruise his own self before. No matter how hard he punches them. Billy punches himself a few more times before he can't breath and the tears are rolling down his face, snot running out of both nostrils, and he's chocking on the film in the back of his throat.

He wipes his nose with the inside of his shirt and wipes his eyes. He takes a deep breath in and out before he turns on the car and backs out of the driveway heading to the quarry.

Lorelei finishes tightening and stands up. She looks at the guy and the kids.

"Done," she says. She looks at the guy. "Anything else I can help you with?"

"Uh, no, how much?"
"Well, you didn't buy a tire, so I guess nothing."
"But you did change it, how much?"
"Uh, I guess five."
"You got change for twenty?"
"Inside, but not on me."

The two walk to the store and go in. She walks behind the counter and grabs her fringe purse. She still has the money. She grabs a ten and a five as she slips the twenty in. She turns around and hands it to him.

"I'm Steve by the way," the guy says taking the money. "Steve Harrington."

"Jenny," Lorelei says. "Jenny Dean."

"So you just move here or something? I've never seen you before."
"Yeah."

It's silent for a moment. "I'll see you around," Steve says before he turns around and walks off.

"See you around," Lorelei says after him. She watches him get in the car and then drive off. "It'd been better," Lorelei says to herself, "if he wasn't in jeans."

Billy lays in the back of the Camaro with a joint between his lips. He's been here a few minutes. The sound of nothing consumes him. It's amazing. The joint is his last one. He's been saving this one for a rainy day. Or a shitty day. Whichever came first.

Billy inhales and pulls the joint away from his lips. He lets the smoke burn his lungs a little longer before he exhales through his nose a little and the rest comes out of his mouth. The weed slowly starts to take over his brain, but he feels more tense than ever.

There's only one last option. "Screw it," he says undoing his jeans and pulling himself out. Billy didn't bother putting on underwear last night or the night before that. To be honest he hasn't bothered to wear any since the tenth grade, unless he was with Tyler.

He hit puberty about eighth grade. He had braces for a year and the acne seemed to stay away due to the sun. By the end of freshman year he had his braces removed and his voice was almost done cracking. In tenth grade, it all started coming through. His voice finished it's awkward auto tune phase and he stopped growing.

Neil had always had him in sports so he had his build. His baby fat was replaced by the bulk of his muscles. He still had his short hair at that time. Neil had told him no more volleyball, so that meant wrestling or basketball. Billy chose wrestling. He was amazing at it. It helped him release his anger towards his dad's sudden girlfriend and her daughter. It wasn't like he hated them, but he didn't like change.

He had plenty of friends during that time. Tyler being his best friend, but she was always in the hospital. His other close friend was Jack. Billy remembers practicing with him. He remembers those big blue eyes and brown hair. He remembers going to the beach to watch him surf. To get high. To kiss him. To touch him.

It was an experiment. Billy wouldn't say he was gay, but he'd say he'd prefer to kiss a guy. There was more of a thrill with kissing a guy than there was a girl. The thought of being caught excited him. He likes boobs and everything else a girl can give him, though. After experimenting between different girls and Jack. He knew he liked the electricity between both of them even though Jack helped spark a little more.

Jack always said he only kissed him because the pot was making him do it. The pot also made him give Billy a blowjob and a hand job. It made him almost take Billy on the beach.

Billy may be the dominate player during sex with a girl, but when it came to guys he was the one dominated. He loved when Jack took control. He would've loved it if Jack took him. Jack moved to Wyoming, though, and never contacted Billy again.

Billy looks at his member. *Stiff*. Billy wanted Jack. Billy sighs again as he tries to picture Jack. The way he grunted when he took someone down during practice. Those blue eyes that turned gray when he was angry. The way he wore short shorts to the beach with his tight white underwear playing peekaboo at the waistband. The smell of baby oil and cigarettes. *Jack*.

Billy's little friend, hard as a rock now, twitches. He puts the joint back between his lips and begins working. The sound of skin on skin and his grunts fill the car. He's not one to take his time during this. He goes faster and faster. He can feel the heat spread through him. He takes his other hand and takes his fingernail to trace an outline of his balls. He shivers a little. He continues the motion as he jerks harder and longer now. Feeling his friend pulse as he gives one last jerk he comes in his hand and a little on the seat. He lets the joint fall into the corner of his mouth. He sits there for a second before he grabs the joint from his lips and starts breathing in and out. The tears are already coming.

He's never been a happy stoner. Jack pegged him as one of those sad stoners. It may help him relax a little, but it doesn't stop him from letting his emotions run free. Billy takes another drag and sits up. He wipes his tears away and leans against the window. His jeans slide down his thighs a little. He sits there exposed and vulnerable. He

thanks Lord God that no one is around. He thanks him for keeping his secretes. He thanks him for no one coming here.

Lorelei pulls up to the library. Her shift ended twenty minutes ago. Nathan's sitting on the stairs talking to someone. It's a small kid with a bowl cut. She sees Nathan laugh. He's happy. He hasn't been happy in a long time.

Nathan's always been a quiet boy. He didn't have many friends back home. Nick was his only friend to be honest. Lorelei never got to meet Nick. She heard many stories about Nick.

Nick was on my team in gym today! Nick punched a kid who laughed at my shoes. Nick said he liked my shirt! Nick had a fight with the teacher in third.

"John!" Lorelei yell out the window as she blows the horn. She watches Nathan jump along with the other boy. Nathan says something quickly to the boy and jumps up. He runs to the car and gets in quickly.

"Who was that?" Lorelei asks.

"His name is Will," Nathan says smiling as he plays with his hands. "We met the other day at the arcade. His mom asked him to grab some books for summer reading or whatever."

Lorelei looks at the kid. He's looking at the car. "One thing," she says keeping her eyes on the boy. "Keep your hands out of your pants. We don't need what happened to Nick happen again."